

# EDITORIALS

Fourteen years ago on June 22, 1941, Adolf Hitler suddenly tossed aside his marriage of convenience with Stalin and sent his hordes plunging into the vast land which is Russia. Immediately, we provided aid for the Soviets. At the time it seemed the lesser of two evils, for to withhold help to Moscow and permit the Nazis to crush Russia—which might well have happened—would have left the West to eventually fight a greatly enlarged German juggernaut backed by the great natural resources of Russia.

However, on June 29, Herbert Hoover had this to say about the situation: "There are certain consequences to America and civilization which we must ever keep before our eyes . . . for now we find ourselves promising aid to whole democratic ideals of the world . . . To align America and his militant communist conspiracy against the can ideals alongside Stalin will be as great a violation of everything American as to align ourselves with Hitler . . . If we join the war and Stalin wins, we have aided him to impose more communism on Europe and the world . . ."

How much more accurate could a prophecy be?

## The Squirrel Cage

By REID BUNDY

Today's 48-page Torrance Bargain Days special has something for everybody. We spent several hours during the past couple of days trying to avoid it, but for those who are looking for mistakes, we probably even have some of those.

Speaking of Bargain Days, which will be the main topic of conversation throughout the downtown area during the next three days, we heard the other day that an insect is any husband who has the nerve to claim he is next at a bargain counter.

Having spent a good portion of my younger days in a minister's family, I have reason to suspect the validity of this tale, and I doubt it as much now as I did the first few times I heard it—what do you think!

A minister, secretly fond of brandied apricots, was found out by the deacon of the church who approached him one day and said he would send the minister the finest brandied fruit obtainable if he would acknowledge the gift publicly. The minister took only a second to decide he would go for the deal, and the fruit was delivered as promised.

In the Sunday School bulletin the next Sunday was the following notice from the minister:

"I wish to thank Deacon Brown for the wonderful gift of fruit and I wish especially to thank him for the spirit in which it was sent."

According to the popular song, what Lola wants, Lola gets, but how many of you have seen her dancing with Henry, yet?

Like they say in the ads, the supply is limited, but I have a street map for Honolulu which I'll give to the first person who asks for it.

Wonder what ever happened to my friend who use to spend all of his time driving around counting stop signs? Haven't heard from him for months.

This week's double billing: Strange Lady in Town—Lovely to Look At. Run for Cover—Grant Takes Richmond. Also, not too far from here, Strange Lady in Town was billed with Tonight's the Night.

## Crossword Puzzle

**HORIZONTAL**

1. Saconing
4. Army grounds
11. At a distance
12. Genus of olive trees
14. Successful political party
15. Senator (Abbr.)
17. Behold
18. In favor of
20. Tuberos plant
22. Australian phasant
24. Sufficiens (Poet.)
25. Tidy
26. Pleased laborer
27. To place
28. Restrains
29. Passes in house
33. Skip
35. Towals
39. Adam's nos.

**VERTICAL**

2. Minister
3. Providing
4. Thru
5. Mistakes
6. Priest's collar
7. Genus of lily plants
8. Pronoun
9. Genus of maddening plants
10. Long tubes
11. Ships
13. Not any
16. Wander
19. In reverential manner
21. Midwest state
23. Self
24. Old
31. Capable
32. Conductor
34. Quadruped
35. Stream
36. Masses
37. Out into oobas
38. Hair and rain
40. Simile
41. Sound
42. Bepilian sun god
43. Absol. (Abbr.)

Atlas Features Syndicate

Look for Answers on Page 46

## Deadly Disease



## AFTER HOURS

By JOHN MORLEY

Edinburg, Scotland (Special to the HERALD) On my annual trips around the world it has been my custom to report briefly, under the heading of "Travel Notes," preliminary to my news report various statistics and impressions of special interest to those who might contemplate traveling to these countries in the future . . . or to those interested in population, weather, comparisons of cost of living, etc. I shall again follow this procedure with a report from each country beginning here.

Great Britain of course is divided into four parts . . . England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. This reporter has always found a strong feeling between the people of these countries . . . especially the true of the Scots toward the English. It is a bitter rivalry in everything except their allegiance to their beloved queen. Great Britain is about the closest thing an American finds of home abroad. The people here are among the politest in the world, with the possible exception of those in Japan and Finland.

The population of England and Wales today is about 44,000,000, some 2,000,000 more than France. The bonnie braes of Scotland hold some 5,000,000, or about the population of Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Baltimore combined. Northern Ireland has 1,300,000 people. England is about the size of Alabama . . . Wales the size of New Jersey . . . Northern Ireland a bit larger than Connecticut. Officially, these countries are referred to as United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. The average weather at this time of year up to August is about 65 . . . the high 78 . . . the low 55. You always carry an umbrella in Great Britain almost any time of the year, for it will rain and shine at least one minute's notice. Englishmen are known to always carry umbrellas. This is not a fad, but a precaution. The time difference between the U. S. and Great Britain is five hours later than Eastern Standard time. The cost of living is about 22 per cent higher than in the U. S.

I had the privilege of talking with Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden, who made themselves available to the press at Sir Eden's political headquarters after the elections. Both looked tired and haggard after the strenuous campaign. Both Sir Winston and Prime Minister Anthony Eden agreed that Great Britain's position in the coming Big Four talks at the summit has been greatly strengthened. But was the domestic significance of the Conservative victory that really gladdened the heart of the old warrior, Sir Winston. Over and over, he emphasized the great victory of his Tory party in the 90 crucial marginal districts of Great Britain in where in all but one instance the Conservatives won over Labor.

In covering the British elections a reporter is impressed with the pattern of voter behavior to the economic more than to world conditions. It was the British present prosperity that influenced the 26,

000,000-odd voters more than the world situation. In all the campaign speeches I heard the "world picture" was hardly ever discussed. This was not a campaign based on foreign policy, but on domestic policy. This is quite a contrast from the several previous elections I covered in the United States during which foreign policy seemed to be the dominant issue.

I noticed very little excitement after the Tory victory in Britain, except in talking with Tory political leaders. The British people, as mentioned in my previous column, are in a period of unprecedented prosperity. They are getting the best in food and clothing and home appliances, even though prices are still higher than in the U. S. The Tory victory actually rode on a wave of prosperity, not on a wave of international peace.

One really has to see a national railroad strike to fully appreciate the disastrous im-

past it has on a nation. For days now Britain has been paralyzed and if the strike continues, Prime Minister Eden threatened to call for martial law in some districts. Millions of people are still stranded in the country, unable to get back home after the long holiday week-end of two weeks ago. Food is getting scarcer after the rush of shoppers to stock up for the emergency. The strike leaders' threats "that the strike might last three months" has sent Brits on a food-hoarding spree. The radio and press are calling upon the government to take over the railroads and use troops if need be to run them in this emergency. So far Sir Anthony Eden has proclaimed a hands-off policy. I passed by the usually busy Waterloo station the other morning and it was totally deserted. This strike will prove quite a blow to a nation just coming into its own after so many years of sacrifice and austerity.



## IT'S A FACT by JERRY CAHILL

### STALIN'S MISTAKE!

BY IMITATING SOCIALIZED COLLECTIVE FARMING UNDER HIS "FIVE YEAR PLAN," JOSEPH STALIN SO ANGERED THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS THAT, RATHER THAN TURN THEIR PROPERTY OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT, THEY REBELLED BY SLAUGHTERING HALF THE DOMESTIC ANIMALS IN THE SOVIET!

(OVER 150,000,000 HOPES, CATTLE, SHEEP GOATS AND PIGS) RUSSIA HAS NEVER RECOVERED FROM THIS BLOW



## Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

A man with one leg stood outside a local boxing arena with this sign on his chest: "I am making an honest living. I am not a beggar. I sell ballpoint pens because I love selling and I feel everybody has a good use for a ballpoint pen. If you don't want a pen, that's your business and God speed you on your way." When last seen, honesty was paying off and he was selling ballpoint pens like hotcakes . . . Have you noticed it too that your second baby doesn't seem so breakable . . . It's getting so bad nowadays that if a couple don't have anything to argue about they somehow get the idea they're just meant for each other . . . Ladies, if you have so much time on your hands each day that you can't devote some of it to helping some charitable cause, I'd venture to say you're just like the parsley on a plate of fish.

The 8-year-old boy was watching a soprano hold a high note for what seemed to be forever. Almost brought down the house, he did, when he said aloud: "I bet she swallowed a fly and she gotta wait until it flies out." . . . If you, mister boss, are embarrassed because you have a very poor secretary, why don't you raise her salary? . . . Mothers: if your baby won't eat his food, why not use this successful method: Place the baby in his play pen, spill the food on the floor of the pen, and if your youngster is normal he'll pick up the food and put it in his mouth and promptly swallow it . . . Trouble with our elderly parents is that they don't want to fly in a modern airplane. As one octogenarian explained it: "I just want to sit here in this easy chair and watch television, just like the Good Lord meant I should."

The six-year-old girl was playing with a doll when her new baby brother suddenly the six-year-old started to cry and her mother rushed in to find the baby pulling his older sister's hair. "Don't blame the baby," explained the mother to the girl. "He's so young, he doesn't quite understand he's hurting you by pulling your hair." Five minutes later, the baby started to cry and the mother rushed in and asked: "What's wrong with the baby?" The six-year-old paused and then said: "Well, he pulled my hair again but now he knows it hurts me." . . . It's getting so bad in politics these days that Democrats are snubbing the Republican elephant by bragging they have a memory like a mule . . . A lady passenger asked an elevator operator what would happen if the cables broke—and would they go down or up. "That depends," replied the operator, "on what kind of a life you've been living."

back in order to grasp the opportunity for saying with indignant enthusiasm: "Oh, you're a DANDY!" . . . I'll never understand why street-traveling ice cream vendors insist on all that loud music. Any youngster can hear or smell or feel or just plain old know that a scoop of ice cream is within a radius of 10 city blocks with the aid of something or other endowed him by nature. Personally, I think it's something called raspberry radar or perhaps tutti frutti alchemy . . . This one actually happened. A boss tried and tried to date his secretary but she steadfastly preferred to remain on a strictly business basis. Finally, she suddenly accepted a date, despite the fact that she knew he was married. After dinner and a show, she invited him to her apartment and when the boss practically EAT in before she could change her mind, the lights went on and there was his entire office staff singing: "Happy Birthday." (P.S. His smiling wife was there too!)

You've heard many agonized cries by the public that they've been kyped by auto dealers. This situation works both ways. An acquaintance bragged to me today that he had traded in a great big heavy lens of a car with a cracked dealer. "Did you tell the dealer?" I asked. "Why should I?" he demanded. "Because," I replied, "How would you feel if someone sold you a car with a cracked block?" He didn't answer that one. Then there's the sharp deal which obtained an appraisal on his car for a trade-in, left the lot, removed his good tires, substituted a set of smoother treads, and then openly bragged to his friends later how he had put something over on the dealer. In all fairness to many honest automobile lots, this is the other side of the story.

Sign on the back of a car: "Dim Dem Dam Lites" . . . A slightly inebriated gent asked information for a number whereupon the sweet young thing remarked: "The number is listed in your directory." "But I can't find my house," protested the gentleman, "and the telephone book's in it!" . . . A local citizen took his 82-year-old father to a home for the aged with the idea of letting his dad get himself interested in living there. After looking the place over carefully, the 82-year-old remarked: "Eh! This place is only for old people." . . . Bill Hall, 28-year-old catcher for the Hollywood Stars baseball team is described as "a slimy built Georgian." Which makes me wonder—has anyone ever heard of a "slimy built" Texan? . . . Money doesn't talk these days. It goes without saying.

Life and taxes have one thing in common—when you finish one, you're through with the other . . . If you insist on getting even with someone, mister, why not get even with someone who helped you? That simply means you'll have to help him, too, and then you'll be even. Simple? . . . I still think that Dennis Day's voice is the greatest in the pop field. Dennis, anyone? . . . Beauty contests, beauty contests, and all of them are being judged with the contestants wearing bathing suits. Just once I'd like to judge a group of beauties without bathing suits (now wouldn't I like that!) . . . Most

of us worry so much these days we're always swallowing some form of medicine to recover. The best medicine to recover ailments is to take our selves—with a grain of our salt.

ESTABLISHED JAN. 1, 1914  
Torrance Herald

Published Semi-Weekly at Torrance, California, Thursday and Monday. Entered as second class matter Jan. 30, 1914, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.



1619 Gramercy Ave.  
FA 8-4000

KING WILLIAMS, Publisher  
GLENN W. PFEL, General Mgr.  
REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

Adjudicated a legal Newspaper by Superior Court, Los Angeles County, Adjudicated Decree No. 218476, March 23, 1927.

MEMBER CALIFORNIA NEWS PAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION  
MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates:  
By Carrier, 30c a Month.  
Mail Subscriptions \$3.60 per year. Circulation office FAIRfax 8-4004.

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